(477) Roxbury, Feb. 2, 1879. 120

Dear Mrs Chapman:

The mournful intelligence of the death of your beloved daughter Anne, conveyed in your pathetic letter of the 31st ult., brings a sharp pang to the very core of my heart. It is to me all the more startling, as I had no intimation that she was ill; and, possibly, by her absence in Paris, the sad event was too sudden even for you to receive any tidings in advance of it, though I hope it was otherwise. How profound and overwhelming must be your grief, and that of your surviving children and the dear household at Weymouth, I can at least approximately realize; for though more than a quarter of a century has passed away, since two of my own cherished flock were taken from me, a great void has been in my breast ever since, and to think of their seemingly premature removal still excites the tenderest emotions, though I do not and cannot question the wisdom or beneficence of "this last great change" for the whole human race.

All that you say of Anne, in regard to her fine qualities and admirable virtues, she well deserves. Her spirit was of a starry brightness and purity, shedding sweet influences all around, and making her presence ever enlivening and delightful. Her modesty and refinement were equally marked, making her a lady in the best sense of the term. What she was as a daughter, none can know so well as yourself. What she was as a wife, he upon whom this bereavement falls with special severity, knows and feels to the innermost recesses of his soul. What she was a mother, the dear boy who so much needed and received her affectionate care and attention will doubtless apprehend now more than ever before.

I was glad to possess her friendship, knowing that it was based upon something broader than mere personal esteem, for it had its roots also in an intelligent

and heartfelt appreciation of my labors in behalf of an enslaved and down-trodden race; and it was enhanced by the inspiring example set by her beloved father and mother in their earnest espousal of the same righteous cause.

It must deepen your sorrow that you were unable to be with her at the hour of her departure; but this must be somewhat assuaged by knowing (as I presume was the fact) that she was tenderly watched over to the last by her sister, Mrs Laugel. For you all I can only proffer you my warmest sympathies, and join with you all in this refrain:— "Farewell! a little time, and we

Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee,
As pilgrims through the gate of fear
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun is set,—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
And still we'll think of thee the same
As when the final summons came;
Thy change,— the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking,—
A change from twilight into day."

It is comforting to read this sentence in your letter:— "While mem-
ory remains to me, to me she is not dead." No—only translated to a higher
sphere!

Yours for a blessed reunion with the loved ones gone before,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Miss Maria W. Chapman
30 Washington Square, New York City.